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THE

ASIATIC PRINCESS.

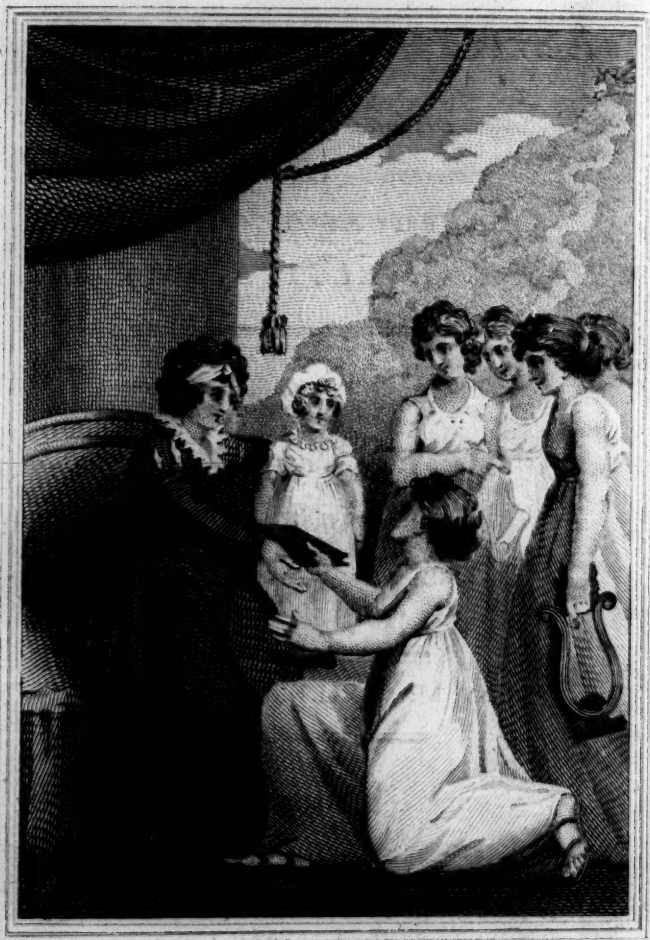
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FRONTISPIECE.



*The Muses presenting the Instructress of
the Princess Charlotte of Wales with the
necessary Requisites for her Education?*

Published June 1. 1800. by Vernor & Hood, Poultry.

THE
ASIATIC PRINCESS.

Dedicated, by Permission,
TO
HER ROYAL HIGHNESS
PRINCESS CHARLOTTE OF WALES.



M
BY MRS. PILKINGTON. *K*

London:

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1800.



TO HER
 ROYAL HIGHNESS
 PRINCESS CHARLOTTE OF WALES

MADAM,

IF the wish of forwarding, and the desire to en-
 rich, can be any recommendation in the author's
 favour, your Royal Highness will not refuse
 graciously to accept the tribute of respect
 and duty of a subject of the Prince
 of Wales's, and his leave



With the warmest sentiments of duty and
 attachment, I have the honour of subscribing
 myself your Royal Highness's

Most devoted and

Obedient humble servant,

M. Pickers

March 25 1800



TO HER
ROYAL HIGHNESS
Princess Charlotte of Wales.

MADAM,

IF the wish of instructing, and the desire to entertain, can be any recommendation in an author's favour, your Royal Highness will not refuse graciously to accept this humble tribute of respect and duty, offered under the auspices of the Prince of Wales's permission, and deriving estimation from his leave.

With the warmest sentiments of duty and attachment, I have the honour of subscribing myself your Royal Highness's

Most devoted and

Obedient humble servant,

March 15, 1800.

M. PILKINGTON.



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1845
The following is a list of the
names of the persons who
were present at the
meeting of the
Board of Directors
of the
Company held on
the 1st day of
January 1845.

At a meeting of the
Board of Directors
of the
Company held on
the 1st day of
January 1845,
the following
resolutions were
passed:
Resolved, that
the sum of
\$100,000 be
advanced to
the
Company for
the purpose of
purchasing
land for
the
purpose of
building
a
factory
on
the
site of
the
old
factory
on
the
corner of
the
lot
between
the
lot
of
the
Company
and
the
lot
of
the
Company.
Resolved, that
the sum of
\$100,000 be
advanced to
the
Company for
the purpose of
purchasing
land for
the
purpose of
building
a
factory
on
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THE

ASIATIC PRINCESS.

CHAP. I.

Birth of the Princess Merjee—Death of her Mother—
Arrival of Sir Charles and Lady Corbet—
their Attachment to the Princess—
Departure from Siam.

SIAM, (a large province in Asia) was governed by a king, who was so mild in temper, so gentle in manners, and so anxious to make his subjects happy, that they would gladly have resigned their own lives to have added a single year to that of a prince so tenderly and deservedly beloved.

VOL. I.

B

Though

Though this amiable monarch had long wished to possess an heir to the throne, to whom he might intrust the welfare of his people; yet so many years passed, without the prospect of such a blessing, that he gave up the hope of becoming a father, and resolved to leave the crown to the best, the wisest, and most faithful of his subjects. Whilst he was debating within himself, on whom he should bestow so great an honour, he was charmed with the news of the Princess Merjee's birth; and anxious to press the little stranger to his heart, flew in haste to the queen's chamber.

The king's joy at the sight of this treasure, displayed itself in various ways,

ways, and he instantly gave orders, that his meanest subjects should have reason to derive pleasure from the birth of the child. Money and clothes were given to the poor, and the rich were regaled with all the luxuries of the East; in short, so general were the proofs of his majesty's felicity, that every bosom seemed to share it.

Though the king doated upon his little daughter, and was never so well pleased as when he could promote her happiness, yet he soon perceived that the queen's fondness was carried to an excess, which threatened to destroy her future peace; for, instead of trying to *curb* her *passions*, she did every thing that was likely to

increase them, and indulged her in the most capricious fancies which whim and folly could jointly form.

It was in vain that the king pointed out the weakness of her conduct, or told her that it would be the means of making the child *wretched*; for she resolved that no person should controul her wishes, or refuse complying with her desires. This method of acting had a most shocking effect; for, though nature had endowed her with a *charming temper*, yet the queen's indulgence nearly destroyed it, and had not death deprived her of this too partial parent, her peace and comfort would have been lost for ever.

Young as the princess was, when
that

that event occurred, she gave the strongest proof of *real sorrow*, and many days elapsed, before she could be persuaded either to amuse herself with toys, or play at her usual sports.

The king was charmed with this instance of feeling ; and instead of trying to check her regret, seemed rather anxious to increase it, by reminding her of the loss she had suffered, and of the excessive fondness of her departed parent.

As soon as the king's spirits recovered the shock, his thoughts were all turned upon his little daughter ; and to find a person capable of forming her mind, and curbing the little failings to which she was prone, was

all he wished for, and tried to obtain. Just as he was enquiring amongst the officers of state for a lady, who would be likely to undertake the trust, he was informed that an English woman of fashion had just arrived at the Asiatic court, accompanied by her husband, a baronet of distinction.

As few Europeans visited that part of the world, the king was surprised at what he heard, but anxious to see the noble strangers, he sent an officer of rank to invite them to his palace.

Sir Charles Corbet, and Lady Emma, gladly attended the royal summons, and as both could speak a little of the language, they found it
very

very easy to make themselves understood. The king seemed struck with Lady Emma's beauty, and quite charmed with the sweetness of her manners; and as to the little princess, she was so delighted with her guests, that she could scarcely bear to be out of their sight. This fondness soon became mutual, and both Sir Charles and his lady were as much attached to the child as if they could have had the pleasure of calling her their own, though the latter often blamed the petulance of her conduct.

The princess, instead of disliking Lady Emma for those proofs of her friendship and regard, seemed to feel her affection increased, and not any thing made her so truly wretched as
the

the idea of having offended the object of her esteem.

The king was so charmed at seeing the improvement which Lady Emma had made in the temper of his child, that he intreated her not to think of quitting Siam; and tried every method in his power to persuade Sir Charles to take up his residence in that kingdom.

Although the king's offers were very splendid, yet Sir Charles could not be persuaded to accept them, for he had so strong a desire to visit different countries, that not any thing could prevent him from indulging it, and her ladyship had promised to attend him on his tour.

When the princess was informed that

that Lady Emma was to leave Siam, her grief and distress knew no bounds, and with all the powers of youthful eloquence, she besought the king to let her accompany her friend.

The king, at first, denied the request ; but when it was urged by Lady Emma, who promised to devote her time to the improvement of the child, he began to think the plan excellent ; and believed, that by seeing the manners of different countries, she might be able to improve the government of her own.

When the princess was informed that her father had consented, her joy was no less violent than her grief ; but when the moment arrived that

that she was to part from the king, and take leave of those ladies, under whose care she had been placed, her little heart seemed bursting with anguish; and not all the fondness which Lady Emma bestowed was able to subdue her sorrow, or assuage her tears, and it was with difficulty she was forced from the king's embraces.

CHAP. II.

Asiatic Notions of Superiority subdued — Story of Emma Stanley—Observations thereon by the Princess and Lady Corbet—Arrival at Calcutta—Cruelty to the English by the Nabob described.

AS the little princess displayed such a fondness for Lady Emma, even when blest with the tenderness of the king, it is natural to suppose, that it greatly increased, when she had no other person on whom she could bestow her love ; and, indeed, it was carried to such an excess, that she could not have been more attached to the person of the queen.

Every thing was *new*, every thing
was

was *strange*, and, as soon as she lost the sea-sickness, her mind was always busy in some new research.

The first thing that struck her, as surprising, was the freedom which subsisted between Lady Emma and her servants ; - and she asked, in a tone of offended pride, “ why they did not bend themselves to the ground, before they ventured to approach her person ? ”

“ Because my love,” replied Lady Emma, “ they are taught to think that kind of homage ought only to be paid their *maker*, and though they will always behave to you with *proper respect*, yet you must not expect them to bend their knee. Besides, though Providence has placed me in
a higher

a higher station than my servants, he expects that I should treat them all with *kindness*, and never make them *feel* their *lowly* state."

"My *papa* treats his servants with *kindness*, *I am sure*" said the lovely child (fearful that her friend should suppose *he did not*) "and yet they always serve him on *their knee*."

"True, my little darling, but different countries vary in their customs; and that profound respect, which is shown to an eastern monarch, you will never find paid to any other king.

"Your *papa* is, doubtless, one of the *best*, as well as one of the most *humane* princes that ever sat upon a throne, and for that reason he wished

c

you

you to observe the manners of different nations, that you might be the better able to improve your own, and introduce such laws and customs, as are most likely to tend to the happiness of those people, whom at a future period it may be your fate to govern."

"Yes, my dear mama," replied the little princess, throwing her arms round Lady Emma's neck, "and so I will try to make them happy when I grow up as big as *you*; and I shall never feel vexed either with Dawson or Carter, for not treating me as the servants did at Siam, because you say *they* only *kneel to God*."

Lady Emma was quite charmed with

but

this proof of the pliant temper which the child possessed ; and, pressing her with fondness to her bosom, told her, that every body would be ready and happy to wait upon her, if she behaved with civility and kindness.

As soon as she had received Lady Emma's embraces, she flew to the cabin, which was occupied by the servants, and taking a gold necklace from her neck, she broke the string in half, and divided it between them ; telling them, at the same time, that she hoped they would forgive her, for having treated them with rudeness, when they were so good as to dress and undress her.

It was in vain that they refused to accept her gift, or assured her they

c 2

had

had never been hurt by her conduct, for, shocked at the thought of having offended them, she ran with streaming eyes to lady Emma, and intreated her to persuade them to receive the boon.

Sir Charles was no less pleased than Lady Emma with this striking trait of generous kindness, and praised her for trying to atone for little failings; at the same time informed her, that though a *gold necklace* was a proper ornament for *herself*, it was by no means so for a person either in Dawson's or Carter's station; but promised, that when she arrived in Bengal, she should divide between them a piece of Muslin. Lady Emma then slightly touched upon the folly of *pride*, and the necessity there was for us to be kind

kind to each other; telling the little princess, that when she was old enough to comprehend the Bible, she should read the story of a haughty monarch, whom God reduced to the wretched state of a beast, and made him live in the wilds and deserts, until his mind became completely humble, and he was grieved at having displeased his gracious Maker by the practice of so unamiable a vice.

The princess attended to this discourse with a countenance expressive of surprise and fear; and Sir Charles observing how much she was affected, pressed her with fondness to his feeling breast; and, after caressing her with the kindness of a parent, offered to amuse her with a little tale.

POVERTY

POVERTY HUMBLING PRIDE ; OR, VIRTUE
ACQUIRED BY DISTRESS.

“EMMA STANLEY was the daughter of a nobleman who had reduced his fortune by a fondness for gaming ; and, instead of laying by money for this ill fated child, he spent it all upon his own pleasures.

“As poor Emma had the misfortune to lose her mamma when an infant, she was left to the care of servants and dependants ; and as her temper was always *proud* and *haughty*, she would not submit to their constraints, but treated them all with the greatest insolence, as if they were sent into the world to become her slaves.

“ But

“ But God, who creates both *rich* and *poor*, at length punished this excess of pride ; for as Lord Stanley died without a will, the estates all went to a distant branch of the family, and Emma was reduced to the greatest distress.

“ Poverty, which she had always treated with contempt, she found was at once both dreadful and severe ; and the being who had never felt for misfortune, found it deserved the greatest pity ! To one friend she wrote, on another she called, but all seemed deaf to her complaints, and, instead of offering her the least assistance, seemed rather to rejoice than grieve at her distress. “ Wretched girl that I am,” said she, clasping her

her hands and raising her eyes to heaven, "to whom shall I apply for succour? and who, alas! will pity my distress? My friends scorn, my family forsake me, and perhaps it may be my lot even to *die* with hunger!"

"*Heaven forbid!*" exclaimed a feeling voice. Emma turned suddenly round, and beheld an old servant who had lived with her mother, whom she had never treated with the least kindness.—"No, Miss Emma," said the faithful creature, "never shall you want a piece of bread, whilst these hands can *labour* to *procure* it—I have just heard how your friends have used you, and am come to offer you an *humble home*."

"Emma,

“Emma’s surprise prevented her from speaking; but throwing her arms around poor Susan’s neck, expressed her thankfulness by showers of tears: at length she was able to describe her feelings; and, after blaming her former conduct to one so very worthy, accepted the offer with heart-felt joy.

“In this state of humble retirement, Emma had time to reflect upon her past life; but it afforded her so little satisfaction that she tried to banish *thinking* from her *mind*. She had treated her equals with pride, her inferiors with contempt: She had neither *relieved* the *poor*, or pitied the *friendless*; and she could not recollect one *heart-approving action* to
console

console the misery which she then endured.

“Poor Susan tried all in her power to make Emma’s life pass cheerfully away, and the care and kindness of that good creature, united to the change which distress had produced in her temper, made her a much happier girl than she had ever been, even when surrounded with greatness.

“One evening, as she was helping Susan to feed the poultry, and put some favourite little lambs into the fold, they were accosted by a servant, who told them that his master was waiting in the cottage, and begged to have the honour of speaking to the young lady.

“As

“As Emma did not recollect having a single near relation, she was much surprised at the request, but hastened to obey the stranger’s wishes, by following the servant into the house.

“I am shocked, my dear girl,” said an elegant-looking man, whose whitened locks claimed respect and deference, “to find the daughter of Lord Stanley in such an abject state; but I am come to rescue her from every kind of distress, and supply the place of her lost parents. Your father was my god-son, as well as kinsman, and I always promised to make him my heir; to him I cannot keep my word, but to his *child* *I will be a father.* His family ought
to

to blush at your present abode, for surely you had a claim upon their kindness!"

"Oh Sir," said the delighted Emma, bursting into a flood of tears, "I neither *merited* their kindness or *deserved* their care; my pride taught them to despise me; and, as I knew not pity myself, I had no right to claim it from others. *Poverty* has taught me to be *humble*, and distress made me feel for the unhappy."

"Impossible!" said Mr. Stanton, embracing her with fondness, "a heart so ready to condemn *itself*, can never have deserved either coldness or neglect. However, my love, whatever may have been your failings, you are now

now repent, and the *punishment* has surely been equal to the *crime*."

"At this moment Susan entered, and had the delight of hearing that the object of her pity no longer required her fostering care, but was going to possess the smiles of fortune in a greater portion than she had ever enjoyed them.

"Emma, no longer either a *proud* or an *unfeeling* girl, tenderly embraced her faithful friend, saying, that the first use she made of riches, should be to prove her gratitude and evince her love; and Mr. Stanley was no sooner told of Susan's kindness than he insisted upon her residing in his house, telling her, that he wanted such a person to conduct

his family, and promising to give her sixty pounds a year.

“Oh ! What a pretty, pretty story !” said the princess, at the same time kissing Sir Charles’s hand : “I am glad, however, that Emma became *good*, because, you know, then every body could love her, for it is a shocking thing *not to be loved*.”

“It is a very shocking thing, indeed,” replied Lady Emma, “but it is what every body must expect to meet with, who neither pity the unhappy, relieve the distressed, or subdue the faults in their own temper : and though Emma’s state was truly wretched, yet she might have supported it with fortitude, had she not known she had brought it on herself.—

herself.—But do you not admire the generous Susan, and think that every person should behave with mildness to those *beneath them* ; for it may be their lot to share a kindred fate.”

“Yes,” said the little Merjee, with a plaintive air ; “I might be obliged to Dawson and Carter for giving me even a *morsel of bread* !”

“How so, my love ?” replied her ladyship. “Why, mamma, if the ship should be *wrecked*, as I have heard the sailors talking about, and you, my dear mamma, and Sir Charles, were to be drowned, what would become of me, if Dawson or Carter would not give me food ?”

This discourse was suddenly put an end to, by the Captain informing

Sir Charles they were in the river Hughly, and within sight of Calcutta. Anxious to observe the effect which so new a scene would produce upon the active mind of his little favourite, he caught her hastily up in his arms, and, in a few moments, appeared upon the deck, where a thousand new and striking objects presented themselves to her astonished eyes.

Her ladyship soon followed the steps of her husband, and, turning her eyes towards the fortress, said, "My heart quite sickens with horror when I think of the sufferings our unhappy countrymen endured on that memorable spot!"

What

"What did they endure, mamma?" exclaimed the child, with a look of terror that proved the alarm which that speech had excited.

"Why, my love," replied Lady Emma; "the English have long had a settlement at Calcutta; and those large buildings which you see, are the warehouses where they keep their goods, and carry on a trade with the inhabitants, from the produce of the country. These consist of sugar, silk, muslins, fruits, pepper, opium, rice, saltpetre, gum-lack, and civet; from which they get a great deal of money.—Their governor happened, some years ago, to offend the viceroy of Bengal, a cruel and vindictive man, who brought

a large army before Calcutta, and commanded the English to surrender.—The governor, alarmed at their number, quitted the fort; but Mr. Holwell, a young man of great courage, resolved to defend it against the attack, and behaved with uncommon bravery: yet he was at length conquered, and, with an hundred and forty-six of his friends, forced into a small prison, where they were wedged so close together, that they could neither move or stir; when the heat of the climate, united to their want of air, brought on a violent fever; and though they conjured their inhuman guards only to indulge them with a drop of water, it was denied them, and they died in the greatest torture
from

from thirst and suffocation; for, out of the whole number which were put into that dreadful place, only twenty-three came out alive."

"Oh! Sir Charles!—pray, do not let us go to Calcutta," said the Princess, bursting into tears; "for you do not know but that wicked man may put you and my dear mamma into that shocking prison; and then we may all die from *heat* and thirst!"

"That wicked man has been dead a great many years, my dear," replied Sir Charles: "so set your little heart at rest; for I will never take you any where but to places of perfect safety; and you will see so many pretty things when once you
are

are on shore, that, I dare say, you will be more concerned at leaving Calcutta than you now feel dislike at entering it."

Though this assurance seemed, in some degree, to quiet her fears; yet it was evident that the accents she had heard had made so strong an impression on her youthful mind, that time alone was likely to remove it.

CHAP. III.

Humanity of an English Sailor to a Black Child—

Lady Corbet takes it under her Protection—

Treatment of the Slaves in the East—

Indies—Description of Calcutta—

Instance of Envy in the Disposition of the Princess.

AT the moment that Lady Emma was departing from the ship, her feelings and attention were suddenly attracted by the dejected countenance of a poor sailor, who was fondly caressing a negro child, and attempting to sooth the violence of its sorrow.

“My poor fellow” said she, in a voice of pity, “you seem to be in great

great distress ; tell me, can I render any service either to yourself or the object of your concern ?”

“ Heaven reward you, my dear lady,” replied the sailor, whilst a smile of gratitude chased away the tear which, unbidden, fell upon his weather-beaten cheek :—“ for myself, thank God, I want no assistance, but for this poor helpless babe, who has just lost her sheet anchor, as a body may say, it would be a mercy, indeed, if I could get a friend !”

Lady Emma feelingly enquired into the particulars of her situation, and found that her father had been sold as a slave to a diamond merchant, at Golconda ; that her mother, unable to support the misery of being separated

separated from the object of her tenderness, had run away from the master whom she served, and, painting her misfortunes to the captain of the Indiaman, with all the force affection could inspire, had so far interested his compassion, that he had given her a passage on board his ship, and promised to get her conveyed to her husband; but that, being attacked with a violent fever soon after she came on board, she had lingered under the disease until that morning, when she had expired, without a groan, leaving her child destitute and forlorn.

The sailor had scarcely finished his affecting tale, which drew tears of sympathy from Lady Emma's eyes, when

when she assured him she would take the child under her protection, and, by a uniform conduct of kindness and affection, prevent her from feeling the loss she had so recently sustained.

“But will you not take her to her poor father, Lady Emma?” said the princess, who had listened attentively to the sailor’s tale; for you know he must want somebody to love and pity him, now he has lost his poor wife!”

“If I were to take her to her cruel master, who would, perhaps, give her tasks she would be unable to perform, do you think that would be the means of adding to her father’s happiness?—No, my love, I will not send her into slavery, or be the means of her suffering

suffering either cruelty or hardship; for you have no idea what those unfortunate people endure who are compelled to work in those gloomy mines; and it ought to lessen the value we place upon ornaments, when we reflect upon what our fellow-creatures suffer to procure a bauble, which is of no real use!"

"Do they, indeed, *suffer hardships*, mamma?"—"Yes, indeed, my love, they do."—"Well, then, when I am grown a woman, never, no never, will I wear a diamond.—But tell me, Lady Emma, what kind of hardships do they really suffer?"

"In the first place, they are denied the privilege of light and air, (as all mines, you know, are a great

many feet under ground ; and, instead of breathing a *pure* and wholesome current, they draw in nothing but confined vapours, that relax their bodies, and render them unable to perform those heavy tasks their tyrants daily set them : they are then beaten with the greatest severity, and neither suffered to partake of rest or food, until the labour of the day is done."

This was so new a picture of suffering and oppression to the young princess, that every sentiment of feeling and compassion was awakened by it ; and, taking the little negro tenderly by the hand, she assured her she should never go and work in the mines ; promising to love her next to
1 her

her dear mamma, if she would neither cry or look unhappy.

As the little negro could only speak a few words of English, she could not perfectly comprehend the princess's kindness ; but bending her body as a mark of respect, she kissed the frock of her little consoler, and, in a few days, had so completely conquered her sorrow and distress, that she seemed to have forgotten the source from whence they flowed.

Although the princess was amused by the variety of objects which every where presented themselves, yet Lady Emma's account of the sufferings of those unhappy men who perished from the cruelty of the inhuman vice-roy, had made so strong an impres-

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sion

sion on her infant mind, that not any thing seemed capable of removing it, and she was continually asking when she should quit the place.

The variety of people, of different nations, which reside at Calcutta, in consequence of its convenient situation for trade, is really astonishing ; and the mixture of European and Asiatic customs which prevail, are completely amusing to an observing mind. The houses vary in appearance as much as their inhabitants ; some of them being as magnificent as palaces, and others little superior to a common shed : some are built with brick, others with mud, but the greater part with bamboos and mats, and are only raised one story from the
the

the ground. Gardens and canals are occasionally interspersed throughout the city ; and the principal houses are built in the Grecian style, and have both an elegant and superb appearance.

Whilst the little princess had no one to oppose her whose interests or pursuits could interfere with her own, her protectress was unable to discover the natural bent of her disposition, and knew not that the seeds of many unamiable propensities had been early fostered in her youthful breast ; but as soon as a degree of intimacy had taken place between her and the unprotected child, whom Lady Emma had so kindly taken under her care, she displayed symptoms of envy,

pride, and passion, which had never been supposed inherent in her mind.

If her ladyship caressed the object of her compassion, or evinced any partiality towards her in the presence of the princess, her face would instantly glow with resentment, and she would dart a look of envy and contempt at the child strongly expressive of her displeasure.

Lady Emma had long observed this unamiable trait of temper in her little favourite, with a mixture of anger and concern; and, convinced it was her duty to conquer it before habit had increased and strengthened its growth, she resolved to attend minutely to her behaviour, and the first time she saw the
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the slightest marks of this propensity; to punish it with positive proofs of her disapprobation.

On the evening of the day that her ladyship had formed this friendly resolution, she observed the eyes of the little Bangilore (which was the name given to this unfortunate child) looked particularly dull and heavy; and, calling her aside, in a voice of tenderness, enquired whether she found herself unwell?

“*Me no well, missee,*” replied the child — “*me no play, me no eat; me hardly walk :—me no well; indeed, me no well.*”

“My poor child !” said Lady Emma, placing her hand upon her throbbing temples, and kissing her cheek

at

at the same moment ; “ you are not well, indeed ; but why did you not tell me so, my love, before ; for I fear you have been ill the *whole day.*”

“ Me no tell nothing to make you *sorry*, missee ; because me *love* you ; and me no make you *sorry.*”

Though her ladyship had observed many instances of a sweetness of disposition in the conduct of the hapless child, yet her excessive fondness for the little princess had prevented them from making a strong impression upon her mind ; but this charming proof of grateful tenderness was too striking to be passed over ; and taking her instantly upon her lap, she applauded the motive which had influenced her

her conduct. Whilst Bangilore was receiving the caresses of her benefactress, the princess was observing her with silent anger, and instead of appearing to pity her complaint, gazed upon her with an eye of envy and contempt.

“Are you not sorry to see poor Bangilore so ill, my love,” said Lady Emma, without noticing the gloom upon her features? “feel her poor little temples, how they shoot and throb; I am sure you must be grieved for your friend and play-mate.

The princess made no reply to Lady Emma’s speech, but her countenance neither displayed symptoms of sorrow or regret; yet, after pausing a few minutes, she ran up to her protectress,

protectress, threw her arms around her neck, and wished she had been ill, instead of Bangilore.

“*Wish yourself ill?*” exclaimed her ladyship, in a tone of evident surprise, — “surely, my love, you know not how rich a blessing you enjoy in the portion of *health*, with which Providence has enriched you? neither do you recollect, that in one moment, he could deprive you of this precious treasure, and reduce you to a state more pitiable than that of the most abject penury.

“Yes, but if I was *ill*; you would nurse me, and love me, and not take Bangilore on your lap, and kiss her as you now do; Bangilore is only a *slave*, and I am a — — —.

“Hush !

“Hush! say not what you are, for you have disgraced your character, and rendered yourself despicable!—Is not Bangilore a poor, ill-fated child, whom pity taught me both to love and cherish? and do you wish to rob her of my succour? would you deprive her of her only friend, and see her destitute of every joy?”

“No, no, my dear mama,” sobbed out the princess, scarcely able to articulate the words.

“Well,” continued her ladyship, “if you would not wish really to injure this hapless little girl, why should you desire to deprive her of that which affords her *pleasure*? You say she is a *slave*, and do you suppose, that because her situation in
life

life is beneath your own, her feelings are not as easily elated, or depressed? You are pleased with my fondness, delighted with my indulgence, and pained if my affection has the appearance of decrease; and do you not suppose that Bangilore experiences the same sentiments? There is one principle of human action, my love," continued Lady Emma, drawing the little infant close to her breast, "which cannot be too often, or too strongly inculcated, which is, *Do as you would be done by*: and whenever you are inclined to deprive Bangilore of a gratification, think how you would feel if you were in her *station*; and, instead of *envying* her the few pleasures she can enjoy,

do

do all in your power, daily to increase them. If Providence should kindly spare your life, you will have the means of tasting the most refined felicity; for, by endeavouring to promote the happiness of others, you may insure an ample portion of it to your own breast."

"Do not talk about it any more, mamma," said the princess, hiding her face in her protectress's bosom, for I know I have been a very naughty girl, but if you will but *love me*, I will do any thing you wish." Then turning to the invalid, she said, "and, indeed, Bangilore, I will never behave cross to you again, if you will but forgive all my *unkindness*."

"I never loved you half as well as I do at this moment," replied Lady Emma, "for it is a striking proof, both of a *good* and *great mind* to acknowledge the errors it has committed; and Bangilore, will both *love* and *respect* you, for having acknowledged that you have been in fault."

"Me always love mine dear young lady; me let her do as she like with Bangilore, but me happy when she love me, and say me *good Bangilore*."

At this moment, Dawson entered with a large packet of letters from England, and as soon as her ladyship had committed the invalid to her care, she hastened to her apartment to read their contents, and to enjoy

enjoy in private, the pleasure they might impart, whilst the princess endeavoured to console her little play mate under her sufferings, by a return of the fondness she had formerly displayed, and by trying to amuse and entertain her mind.

CHAP.

CHAP. IV.

Visit to the Governor—Gentoo Woman burning herself on the Funeral-pile of her Husband—
Leave Calcutta;—Arrival at Vienna.

THE packet of letters which arrived from England, were the means of inducing Sir Charles to shorten his stay in India, as they informed him, that his only brother, who was ambassador at the German court, was in a very dangerous and alarming state of health, and though the preparations had been made for their visiting the Coromandel coast, the alteration in their plans rendered them all abortive.

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This change, though highly pleasing to Lady Emma, was by no means so to the little pupil, who was much more delighted with the motion of a palanquin, than with that of an East-Indiaman, and who had been promised a variety of gold and silver trinkets, from the curious filligreen manufactures in that part of India. She had likewise expected a number of chintz's and muslins, having been told they were *there* brought to a state of the highest perfection, yet all these expectations she was compelled to resign, and reconcile herself to a tedious voyage.

"Are you not sorry, mamma," said she, observing that Lady Emma was making preparations to depart, "that

you could not buy me all those pretty filigree-trinkets, which you promised me if I was a good girl."

"I am always sorry to disappoint you of any pleasure, my love," replied her ladyship, "but I shall be able to buy you much prettier trinkets at Vienna, than I could possibly have done on the Coromandel coast, for the Germans are very fond of dress and ornaments, and you will see a most beautiful collection of precious stones; for carbuncles, amethysts, jasper, sapphire, agate and rubies are found in greater abundance in Germany, than in any other part of the world."

As Sir Charles and her ladyship had received great attention from
most

most of the familie's resident at Calcutta, some days were necessarily devoted to the polite attention of taking leave ; and as the governor was at that time staying at his country seat, it was determined they should follow him to that place.

It was impossible to travel in the middle of the day, from the intense heat of the climate, they were therefore obliged to rise at a very early hour, and Lady Emma, and her little charge were both in their palanquin soon after the clock struck three.

They had not been carried more than three miles beyond the city, when they were astonished at beholding an immense number of people collected into one spot ; and
upon

upon enquiring into the cause of their assemblage, were informed, that a Gentoo woman was going to burn herself with the body of her deceased husband. “*Burn herself alive!*” exclaimed the princess, in a tone that evinced both horror and surprise.

“Yes, my love,” replied her ladyship, “and, shocking as the custom appears, it used to be practised over most parts of India; but as the people became more enlightened, it has fortunately much declined; for it is the height of folly to suppose that it can be a duty incumbent upon us to take away that life, which a bounteous God in mercy gave: and, therefore, it is a mistaken notion in these poor creatures, to imagine, that the
only

only method they can adopt to prove their affection to their deceased husbands, is to avoid the duties they owe to their children; but they are educated in this belief, and so far their conduct is praise-worthy."

As they proceeded farther, their ears were saluted with the sound of hautboys and kettle-drums, accompanied by repeated shouts of applause, from those who attended the unhappy victim, and as they were under the necessity of passing near the spot, they could clearly distinguish her from the rest of the women, by the various ornaments with which she was decorated, and seeing her walk repeatedly round the pile.

Her

Her ladyship intreated the men, who carried her palanquin, to hasten from a scene so full of horror, and her young companion was so shocked at the relation, that for some minutes she could not restrain her tears.

Though Sir Charles possessed a very humane heart, yet he was anxious to see the shocking ceremony, and therefore rode up to the spot where it was to be performed, telling Lady Emma he should soon attend her. Upon his arrival at the governor's, he informed the party, that the ill-fated victim of misplaced affection did not appear sensible of the misery she was to endure, but mounted the pile, on which she was
to

to suffer, with the most undaunted appearance of calmness and composure, after dividing her ornaments amongst her favourites and attendants.

“ Well,” said Lady Emma, smiling at Sir Charles, whilst a tributary tear fell to the memory of the poor Gentoo, “ I have reason to be grateful that I was born in England ; for, tenderly as I am attached to the person of my husband, I should feel a dreadful horror at being obliged to ascend his pile, even if I had been taught to think it the most essential part of a wife’s duty. But,” continued she, “ so many are the advantages which an English woman enjoys,

joys, that it is difficult to say in what she is most enviable."

After a day spent in the utmost cheerfulness, the party prepared to take their leave; but when Lady Emma made enquiries for the little Princess, neither the Governor's daughter, or herself, could any where be found. Lady Emma's fears were instantly alarmed; but the Governor intreated her to be composed, assuring her they were attended by a faithful domestic, on whom she might place the most perfect reliance. In a few moments they both appeared, and though the countenance of the Princess, bore evident marks of tears; there was a glow of self-applause which beamed upon it, that

that proved she had been performing some praise-worthy action.

“Where have you been, my love?” said her amiable protectress, “and why did you go beyond the garden without my leave? you know I scarcely suffer you out of my sight a moment, and your absence really quite alarmed me.”

“Indeed ma’am, I am very sorry;” replied the child, tenderly kissing Lady Emma’s hand, “but I only went with the Governor’s house-keeper, to see one of the slaves who is very ill from fretting after the children which she lost; so I thought, if I gave her money, she could buy some more, and that was the reason that I went to see her; but, had you been

there, mamma, you would have been so delighted, for the poor little girl and boy are *found* !” She then proceeded to inform her ladyship, that the children had rambled into the woods, without their mother’s leave, and not being able to find their way out again, had been very near perishing with hunger ; that their mother had neither eaten or slept for two days, but had been absolutely frantic with terror and alarm, as she concluded they had been devoured by some wild beast. That the Governor had sent a great many slaves to look for them, and at length they found them locked in each other’s arms, but almost perishing with an excess of hunger.

Lady

Lady Emma applauded the motive which had influenced her conduct, but blamed her for following the bent of her wishes without first knowing whether they were likely to be approved. "Little girls of your age, my love," continued her ladyship, "are not capable of judging between *right* and *wrong*, and therefore should always be guided by the opinion of those who are *older* and *wiser* than themselves.— Had the poor little children, in whose fate you appear so warmly interested, asked their mother whether it was *proper* for them to ramble in the woods, she would have pointed out the dangers they would be likely to encounter, and by that means

have saved them from the pangs they have endured, for, of all the miseries to which human nature is prone, that of hunger and thirst must be the most dreadful."

A servant now informed Sir Charles his horse was waiting, and Lady Emma instantly ordered her palanquin, and in less than two hours they all met at Calcutta. The ship set sail on the following afternoon ; and, without the occurrence of any material event, the little Princess was transported into the German empire, where Sir Charles had the happiness of finding Mr. Corbet not only better, but nearly well, and honoured with the Emperor's peculiar friendship.

CHAP-

CHAP. VI.

Buildings of Vienna;—The Princess accompanies
Lady Emma to Court, which raises in her
Mind Sensations of her Father.
Instance of ridiculous Pride in
Two German Ladies.

AS the travellers arrived at Vienna at a late hour in the evening, and Lady Emma's young companions were completely fatigued, their attention had not been attracted by the surrounding objects, but when they awoke on the following morning, their surprise and astonishment were

both excited. To children who had not been in the habit of seeing any houses erected above the height of two stories, the method of building at Vienna must have appeared strange, where the lowest house was elevated to four or five stories, and most of them were raised to six or seven

“ Oh, Lady Emma !” exclaimed the young princess, as soon as she entered her ladyship’s apartment, “ what a strange place this Vienna is ! why they have built three or four houses one upon another !”

Lady Emma smiled at the justice of the idea, but informed her they had not formed the houses one upon the other, but that each erection was one distinct house, though occupied
by

by several different families, as each floor consisted of a sufficient number of apartments to answer the purpose of a *separate house*.

“ Well then, mamma, I suppose they are all very good friends together as that is the case,” replied the child, “ for they can visit one another, you know, without the trouble of going out.”

Lady Emma informed her, that depended upon circumstances, as frequently, a nobleman of the first consequence, lived upon one floor, whilst another might be occupied by artizans or mechanics ; and therefore, of course, there could be no connection between them, as the Germans were more remarkable for observing
the

the distinctions of *rank* than any other nation in the world.

Immediately after Sir Charles's arrival, both himself and Lady Emma, were introduced at court; and, as the Emperor was informed of the consequence of their companion, they requested she might accompany them on their next visit.

The magnificence of the apartments, the richness of the furniture, and the superb dresses of the ladies and gentlemen who composed the court, could not fail to attract the attention of the young stranger, who appeared so totally absorbed in wonder and amazement, that she could scarcely reply to the civilities which were paid her: both the Emperor
and

and Empress appeared delighted with her appearance, for though her complexion was *dark*, her features were beautiful, and a look of intelligence beamed from her eyes which convinced them her mind had been cultured and improved.

As she happened to be introduced on the day of the carnival, every thing appeared with the greatest lustre; and the impression which the surrounding objects appeared to make upon her mind, were calculated to fill it with the most agreeable sensations. How great, then, must be Lady Emma's astonishment at seeing a sudden gloom overspread her countenance ! and instead of that lively pleasure which a few moments before

fore had animated it, a visible dejection mark each feature !

“ Are you *ill*, my love ? ” said her anxious friend, gazing at her with a look of tenderness and apprehension !

“ No, ma’am ; ” she replied, with a sigh, whilst her expressive eyes filled with tears ; “ I am thinking of my dear, dear papa, and I cannot help wishing I was now in Siam ! ”

“ Are you not happy under my protection, my sweet girl ? or, has any thing occurred to hurt or wound your feelings ? ”

“ Oh yes, I am *happy*, indeed I am *happy* ; but seeing the Emperor, reminds me of papa, and I cannot help wishing I could see him.”

This

This amiable proof of filial fondness, delighted those who saw and heard it; and, if the beauty of the child had first engaged notice and attention, this trifling proof of feeling and affection, completely insured her their tenderness and esteem.

As hospitality to strangers of any distinction, is a peculiar mark of the German character, Lady Emma's engagements were numerous and successive, but she never suffered them to interfere with the plan she had formed for the education of her charge, for the mornings were devoted to study and application, and the afternoons spent in gaiety and amusement.

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empire,

empire, and divided into a number of principalities and states, where the lower classes of society are totally dependant on the great: there is no country in Europe where the pride of birth is carried to so ridiculous or weak an excess; or where rank and power are less subject to controul. This imperfection in the German character, the Princess was naturally inclined to imitate; but the lessons of humility she had been taught by her preceptress, and the example of affability which she daily displayed, had so far conquered the imperious failing, that Lady Emma flattered herself it was quite cured, but by an intimate association with the German nobility, she had imperceptibly

perceptibly imbibed all their notions, and treated poor Bangilore with a greater degree of haughtiness than she had ever done during her residence at Calcutta.

Bangilore, who loved the Princess with the greatest affection, and who always treated her with the utmost respect, was sensibly hurt by the alteration in her conduct, and tried, in vain, to recover that place in her regard which she had fancied she should always fill. Every attempt she made to call forth the affection of the Princess, seemed to be the means of increasing her dislike, and, instead of permitting her to share her sports, she would scarcely conde-

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scend to reply when she addressed her.

Though Lady Emma tried to check this cruel conduct, her precepts seemed to have lost their effect, and each day some new instance occurred of increasing consequence, or foolish pride. Poor Bangilore's spirits soon became depressed at the repeated instances of unkindness she endured; and though she restrained her tears in the presence of her benefactress, yet, in her absence, they never ceased to flow.

As both Sir Charles and her Ladyship possessed that kind of curiosity which is so natural to minds fond of information, they derived more pleasure from seeing the different manufactures

nufactures than they did from visiting the most superb palaces, and took great pains in pointing out to their youthful charge the utility and advantage of every thing she saw.

As the German carriages are by no means pleasant or convenient, they had made several excursions within the neighbourhood of Vienna, to view the different palaces with which it abounds, without taking Bangilore in their suit; but when the moment arrived that the family were to quit the capital, for the purpose of travelling through different parts of the country, Lady Emma informed her, she was to make one of the party, and though she could

not introduce her into the palaces of the German Princes, she should see all the natural curiosities the country might afford.

Though Bangilore's countenance was enlivened at this promise, that of the princess was suddenly overcast, and upon her ladyship's enquiring into the cause of the gloom which overspread it, she found it proceeded from her dislike to travelling in the society of a person so much inferior to herself.

“ And what is your reason for disliking the society of a person of whom, formerly, you were very fond? Has she ever presumed on the indulgence she has received? or

or has she ever taken an *unbecoming* liberty ?”

“ No, ma’am ; I do not *dislike* Bangilore ; but the princess of Cleves told me that I *disgraced* myself very much by condescending to play with an *inferior*.”

“ She is only your *inferior* in point of *birth* ; for, in mind, I am sure she is much your *superior* ; and had you exchanged situations, I am convinced she would have been above such conduct. However, if you are resolved only to copy the *vices* of the different people to whose acquaintance you are introduced, instead of imitating the virtuous part of their character, you had much better have remained in your father’s court, than to have quitted it for the pur-

pose of increasing your failings. The Germans are allowed to be an open, honest, liberal set of people, kind to the unfortunate, and generous to the distressed :—but have you copied any of these qualities ? No ; you are shutting your heart against every sentiment of liberality, and insulting a fellow creature because she is poor and destitute. Their greatest weakness is their pride, which is constantly subjecting them to inconvenience and mortification. What could be more ridiculous than for two ladies of rank, whose coachmen accidentally met in a narrow lane, one evening, actually remaining until two o'clock in the morning, because they could not determine which ought to take precedence,

precedence, or which coachman had a right to make way for the other."

"Oh! Ma'am, surely they could not be quite so *silly*?" "But indeed they were," replied her ladyship, "if the relation of a late celebrated * author is to be depended upon: and it is doubtful how long they might have remained in that situation, had not the Emperor sent his guards to settle the dispute, by giving orders that both ladies should be taken out of their carriage at the same moment, and leave the coachmen to end the contest.

Your objection to travelling in the carriage with poor Bangilore, is little less ridiculous than that which I have

* Lady Wortley Montague

just related : for you certainly must prefer the society of a child of your own age either to that of Sir Charles or myself, and particularly when you know that she never opposes your wishes, and is always ready to sacrifice her own ; yet, to gratify your *pride*, you would deprive yourself of a *pleasure*, and lose a satisfaction, to support a false dignity. At any rate, however, she must be our companion, as there is not room sufficient in the other carriage ; and I flatter myself that your conduct, during our journey, will neither wound her feelings or hurt her sensibility.

CHAP.

CHAP. VII.

Description of the Commodities exported from
Germany—Instance of Humanity in the Con-
duct of Sir Charles and Lady Emma Cor-
bet, towards an unfortunate Man
and his Child.

THOUGH the princess made no promises to her amiable protectress, yet she was too much affected by the censure she had incurred, to be guilty of any action that was likely to increase her displeasure; and, anxious to retrieve her good opinion, was not only *civil*, but *affectionate* to
Bangalore.

Bangilore. This proof of obedience and docility entirely banished every symptom of displeasure ; and when they arrived at the end of their first day's journey, they were as complete friends as if no dispute had happened.

"Well," said Lady Emma, taking her little charge affectionately by the hand, "and as we have not had an opportunity of improving our *minds* to day, suppose we try to exercise our memories :—can you recollect what goods I told you were exported from Germany, and in what manufactures they particularly excel?"

"Oh yes, ma'am, that I can," replied the princess, conscious that her memory seldom failed, and pleased
at

at the opportunity of proving its force, "they export corn, wine, tobacco, horses, cattle, cheese, butter, honey, linen, woollen, stuffs, silks, beautiful looking-glasses, and a variety of pretty things that are manufactured at Nuremburgh, in silver, wood, ivory, and metal.

"Very well remembered, indeed," said her ladyship; but I have not heard a word about the quick-silver mines. I thought I had told you that a great deal of money was procured from those. They likewise export a variety of things which you have forgotten to mention, particularly timber for building ships, cannon-balls, and bombs; steel work of various kinds, and iron plates, Prussian-

sian-blue, and printers' ink. Their manufactures chiefly consist of velvets, and rich silks, beautifully embroidered with gold and silver; tapestry, fustian, ribbons, and lace; with a great variety of different kinds of stuffs."

"Oh! I had forgotten the quick-silver *mines of Idva*, mamma; but you know you told me the poor people were so unhappy that lived in them, that I have never even liked to think about a *mine*; for then I cannot help being grieved for the poor souls who work them."

"Perhaps you're right, my love," replied her ladyship; "for, to reflect upon the miseries of our fellow-creatures, when we have not the power

power of relieving them, too seldom answers any real purpose, though it ought to teach us to be grateful to that providence who has saved us from the knowledge of those misfortunes which, even in *appearance*, seem so *very dreadful*."

"As the roads through which they travelled were very bad, and the horses not capable of supporting much fatigue, they pursued their journey at a much slower rate than those are in the habit of doing who travel in England; and they had not proceeded above three miles on the second day, when one of the animals was completely tired, and refused to move a single step.

"Well," said her ladyship, with a cheerful

cheerful smile, “travellers must expect to meet with difficulties, and we must either pursue our way on foot, or remain here until fresh horses can be brought. The former method Sir Charles thought most adviseable, as the drivers assured them there was an inn at a short distance, where they would find accommodations until the beasts arrived ; and the servants were ordered to remain with the luggage.

When walking was at first proposed, the princess seemed to think it would degrade her dignity ; but upon being rallied for the folly of such an idea, and promised some amusement from the novelty of the undertaking, she soon appeared to enjoy

enjoy the thought ; and taking Bangalore affectionately by the hand, they joyfully tripped before their protectors.

They had not proceeded more than half a mile when they perceived a miserable-looking figure extended on the road ; by the side of whom sat a child, about ten years old, whose complaining cries called loudly for compassion. As Sir Charles could speak the language of the country with as much fluency as he did his own, he accosted the little girl in the most soothing accents, intreating her to be calm and composed, and promising to relieve the object of her care.—This promise he had little hope of being able to fulfil, as the
body

body appeared almost lifeless, and though some degree of warmth remained near the vital parts, the extremities were absolutely stiff and cold. Sir Charles had fortunately a cordial in his pocket, a few drops of which he forced between the stranger's lips, whilst her Ladyship alternately chaffed his hands, and applied volatiles to his nose.

During this painful interesting scene, neither the princess or Bangalore were unemployed ; they were trying to sooth the child's affliction, and to assure her that her father would soon be well. After some time spent in this humane employment, Sir Charles had the happiness of seeing his attempt succeed ; the
poor

poor creature opened his languid eyes, and, in a faint voice, articulated "Oh, my child!"

"My father! My dear father"—exclaimed the delighted girl, throwing her arms affectionately round his neck, and washing his pallid face with tears :—"you must not die; you must not leave your own, your poor Adelia!" Then gazing upon Sir Charles with an eye of supplication, she besought *him not to let her father die!*

There was something both in the voice and countenance of the child that convinced Lady Emma she had seen better days; and though her appearance was little superior to that of a common beggar, yet, in her manner

manner there was something elegant.

Just as the humane Sir Charles was debating what must be done with the unfortunate stranger, he had the satisfaction of seeing his equipage approach, and, with the assistance of his attendants, the stranger was laid upon one of the seats, with the affectionate Adelia by his side. Lady Emma and her companions both walked, but as Sir Charles thought his presence might be necessary, he chose to accompany the invalids.

In less than half an hour they arrived at the *inn*, if such the wretched habitation might be called. Everything *within-side* corresponded with the *out* ; and there was but one bedroom

room that had the least appearance of comfort.—“What must be done in this unfortunate situation?” said Sir Charles: “the poor creature is wholly unable to proceed; yet, if we say, there are no accommodations; there are two other sleeping-rooms it is true, but they are scarcely better than a common hay-loft.”

“I would sleep upon the ground to accommodate the poor creature,” replied Lady Emma; “but what can we do with our dear little charge? I should be alarmed at the very idea of her sleeping in the miserable hole you have just described.”

“Oh, mamma, never think about me; for I would rather sit up all night

night than keep the *best bed* from the poor sick man !”

“Charming !” said her ladyship: “now I not only *love* but *admire* your *sentiments*. Certainly, my love, we are much more able to encounter difficulties than he is, in his present state ; and I should instantly have resolved to resign the bed, only I wished to discover whether you felt towards him the same sensations of compassion as myself.”

The poor creature was accordingly put to bed, and a physician immediately sent for, who declared that his illness had been brought on by fasting and fatigue, more than by any bodily disease. Food and cordials were all that he prescribed ; and in a few

1

hours

hours they had a wonderful effect: these, either Sir Charles or her Ladyship, administered, as there was great danger to be dreaded from his being inclined to take a larger portion than his stomach would digest. The little Adelia watched by the bed-side of her father, with a mixture of hope and fear upon her countenance, and could not be persuaded to quit the spot for the purpose of taking either food or rest.

Though Sir Charles was anxious to pursue his journey, and had business of importance to settle in Hungary, yet no selfish motive could induce him to quit the place until the object of his solicitude was out of danger. His expressions of gratitude were

were warm and affecting; yet there was a degree of *reserve* in his *manner*, which did not correspond with the German character; and though Sir Charles was resolved to relieve his distresses, he determined not to enquire into the cause from whence they flowed.

On the third day after his arrival at the inn, he was so much recovered that Sir Charles mentioned his intention of departing on the following day, and intreated his acceptance of a little pocket-book, in which was inclosed a sufficient sum of money to prevent him from feeling a return of that poverty which had nearly proved so fatal to his existence.

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This generous mark of friendship and benevolence the stranger received with tears of gratitude, and lamented, that there should be circumstances in his history, which prevented him from treating Sir Charles with candour, but said, that all his misfortunes had arisen from the weak indulgence of his parents, when a child, and the natural extravagance of his own disposition, which had led him into expences which had proved his ruin. Professed himself to be the younger son of a noble family, brought up with notions above his fortune, and thinking it disgraceful to *earn* an honest livelihood.

The little sketch which this unfortunate man had given Sir Charles
Corbet

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The Princess, who was all attention to these observations, enquired of her Ladyship, "whether she thought that if the stranger had been often *whipped* when he was a little boy, that he would then have made a very good man?"

"I do not know, my love, that whipping might have had that effect,
for

for I am not fond of that mode of punishment, but I am persuaded, that if his parents had attended to the peculiar *failings* in his disposition, they might have prevented them from becoming *vices*. Suppose, for example, I had not taken pains to cure that unamiable propensity to *pride* in *your temper*, would you have enjoyed the satisfaction you did, when you resigned your own comfort and convenience to promote that of the unfortunate stranger's? no, surely not, you would have thought him so much *beneath your notice*, that you would not have allowed the idea of his sufferings to interfere with your own gratifications, and you would have been deprived the pleasure

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which arises from the consciousness of performing a *good action*."

"But, mamma, if you had known that he had not been a *good man*, would you have nursed him as *kindly* as you did, and have given up *the best bed-room to him*?"

"Most undoubtedly, I should: it was his forlorn situation that interested my feelings, not his *good or bad* qualities: and in performing an act of *charity*, my sweet girl, you must never hesitate to reflect whether the person is *deserving of it*.— You see their distress, you have the power of relieving it, and you know it is a duty you are bound to fulfil.— In our conversation we had a few days since, upon the weakness of pride,
I gave

I gave you a curious instance of two German ladies, who had carried it to a most ridiculous excess; but they injured no one by the indulgence of it; but this mistaken man, of whom we are now speaking, has ruined himself, brought his child to beggary, and yet, is too *proud* to earn his own subsistence, because he thinks it would degrade his *rank*".

At this moment, the amiable Adelia entered, and whilst her expressive eyes, filled with tears, attempted to pour forth her grateful feelings:—

"I will love you, and Sir Charles, as long as I live;—Lady Emma," said the lovely girl, "and I will pray for you every *night* and *morning*, for when my father opened the pocket-

book, and saw all the money you had given him, he said you were *angels* sent from *heaven*, and that he should have reason to bless your very name. He has sent me in to say how very *grateful* he is for all your *goodness*, though he cannot tell you what he feels."

"Assure your father, my sweet girl," said her ladyship, "that both Sir Charles and myself have derived much pleasure from the trifling service we have rendered him; and as to yourself, we have been so much delighted at beholding such an amiable instance of duty and affection, in one so young and inexperienced, that not any thing would make us more truly happy than to be able to
shew

shew you our regard and esteem, and if ever you want either my friendship or assistance, you will find my direction within that little case."

So saying, she contrived to slip a ten pound note into the case, which contained her cards of address, and presented it with a kiss, to the young Adelia; who, after again repeating her thanks to her generous benefactress, embraced both the Princess and Bangilore, and took leave with a countenance expressive of regret.

"She is a nice little girl, indeed," said the Princess, with a sigh, "and I am very sorry we are going to leave her, for I love her *already*, indeed, I do mamma."

"Every body must love so good
K 3 a child,

a child," replied her ladyship, "her conduct to her sick father, was quite delightful; but of all the duties we are called upon to fulfil, those which we owe our parents ought to be held most sacred."

"Yes, mamma, so it ought; and if my papa had been as *poor* and *sick* as Adelia's father was, I would have nursed him just as she did. I wonder whether Adelia has a *mother!*" The tears at this moment filled her eyes, and throwing her arms round Lady Emma's, she tried to conceal the emotion she experienced at the idea of the loss of her own.

CHAP. VIII.

A description of the country through which they pass—The Princess is attacked by a violent fever—Arrival of Sir Charles from Buda—They set out in company with the Marquis of Toricelli and family, for Venice—The inhuman disposition of the young Count described.

THE next morning the travellers arose at an early hour for the purpose of proceeding on their journey, and as Sir Charles was thoroughly acquainted with every part of the country, he described the curiosities which each contained. Spa, Pyrmont, and Aix-la-Chapelle, he informed them

them, were famous for their Baths.—That the circle of Austria, through which they were then travelling, contained mines of silver, quick-silver, copper, tin, iron, lead, sulphur, nitre, and vitriol.—That in Bavaria, and Silesia, there were famous salt mines, and great variety of precious stones.—That Tirol, and Liege, were famous for quarries of the most beautiful marble, and for a number of curious and valuable fossils. But nothing appeared so extraordinary to the Princess, as the wonderful height and extent of the mountains, the tops of which were overspread with snow; whilst their base was covered with verdure, and vegetation.

The weather had hitherto been
soft

soft and genial, but as the autumn approached, the Princess became suddenly indisposed; and as Lady Emma imagined it proceeded from the change of climate, it was resolved that as soon as Sir Charles had completed his business in Hungary, they should either proceed directly to Italy, or else pass the winter in Portugal; conceiving that the climate in either of these countries, would be more likely to agree with her constitution.

On the third day after they had quitted Vienna, the Princess became so extremely ill, that it was thought imprudent for her to proceed; for as the air of Hungary is considered unhealthy, her disease was attributed

to

to that cause. The effect proved very alarming to Lady Emma, who loved her charge with the fondness of a parent; and who could not behold her present situation, without the most distressing fears and apprehensions. An express was instantly sent to Vienna, for the most experienced Physicians in the place; but the fever appeared to conquer all their skill, and no hopes of her recovery remained.

The little Bangilore whose affection had been so much despised, now proved the attachmeet of her disposition, for in spite of Lady Emma's persuasions and intreaties, she never quitted the bed-side, but watched each turn of the disorder
with

with an anxiety that evinced the force of her regard.

To the kindness of her friends, the skill of the physicians, and the uncommon patience with which she endured her sufferings, the recovery of the Princess might be ascribed; for had she either refused taking the medicines which were ordered her, or given way to the slightest degree of petulance, her fever would have increased to such an excessive height, that no human power could have preserved her existence.

Though she had appeared totally insensible to the kindness of her friends during the height of her disease, yet the moment she was capable of expressing her feelings,
she

she convinced Lady Emma, that the slightest mark of her attention had not escaped her notice. "Oh, mamma, my dear mama," said she (as Lady Emma was for the first time assisting her to rise), "how shall I ever make you amends for all your care and kindness towards me? Never, no never, will I do any thing that can displease you whilst I live, but I will study day and night what I can do to make you happy!"

"I am amply recompensed for all my trouble, my beloved girl" replied her ladyship, "by seeing your health daily improve; but if your gratitude is called forth, it ought to be directed towards that Being, who has so wonderfully restored you to your anxious friends,

friends, and raised you from a sickness they feared must have proved mortal!"

"Yes, indeed mamma, I am *very grateful* to God for his *goodness to me*.—And so I am to you, and so I am to my poor Bangilore, though I know I did not *deserve* her *kindness*; but I will never behave ill to her again, that I promise you."

"I am very ready to believe your promises my love, for I have too high an opinion of the natural goodness of your heart, to think it could ever prove ungrateful."

The conversation was here interrupted by the arrival of Sir Charles, who had returned from Buda, some days sooner than Lady Emma thought

it possible for him to have compleated his business.

Though his little favourite was pronounced out of danger, yet he was shocked at observing the alteration which the violence of the fever had made in her person; and after embracing her with all the fondness and affection of a father, he told her he had brought her a very beautiful mouse-coloured horse, which was as gentle as a little lamb, and which she should ride as soon as she was able to venture out. In addition to this present, he had likewise bought her a fur cap, with a gold tassel, that hung down on the left side; and an Hungarian dress made of sable, which was to buckle close to her

12591 1 8,1 her

her shape with pearl buttons, which would answer the purpose of defending her from the cold, and at the same time have an elegant appearance.

“Why, we shall have you attempting to vie with the Hungarian ladies in point of *beauty*,” said Lady Emma, “when you are adorned in their becoming dress.”

“Are they *very beautiful* Sir Charles?” said the Princess. “Indeed they are my love; Hungary is famous for *lovely women*, beautiful horses, excellent tokay, and a remarkable breed of sheep:—but the Hungarians are, in general, an indolent race of people, and have no idea of comfort or convenience, at

least the lower order; for their pigs and poultry, occupy the same apartment with themselves, and they seem to prefer *dirt*, to *cleanliness*."

"Then I am sure you must have spent your time very uncomfortably amongst them" said the Princess.

"You are not to suppose that the nobility and gentry, live in that miserable style; but my mind was too anxious about a little girl, of whom I am very fond;" said Sir Charles, tapping the Princess on the cheek, "for me to be *very comfortable*; however I met with a very pleasant Italian family, that are going to pass the winter in Venice, and I have almost promised to join their party, if Lady Emma approves.
the

the plan. I expect they will be here to-morrow, and then she will be able to judge whether their society is like to prove an acquisition."

On the following day the party arrived, which consisted of the Marquis and Marchioness de Toricelli, the young Count their son, a boy about thirteen years of age; and his sister, Beatriché, a lovely animated girl, apparently two years younger; the young Count's tutor, and a numerous retinue of attendants.

Both the Marquis and his lady, possessed all that elegance and politeness of manners, for which the Italians are justly celebrated, and therefore their society was a pleasing

addition; but Lady Emma had scarcely been an hour in their company, before she discovered that all their tenderness was lavished upon their son, whilst their attractive daughter seemed not to possess the slightest portion of their affection. This boy, though the idol of his parents, was really destitute of every virtue; he was proud, vain, insolent, and cruel; yet possessed so great a portion of artifice and disguise, that he could easily have imposed upon an undiscerning mind. In addition to these unamiable qualities, he was passionate, unforgiving, and revengeful; and would retain a sense of the slightest affront,

until

until an opportunity offered when he could unperceived avenge it.

Such was the character of the despicable boy, with whom the Princess was destined to pass the ensuing winter; but as Lady Emma exposed his vices to her view, she thought that so far from being injured by his society, her own good qualities would rather be increased; and by seeing the effect of wicked propensities, she would be more likely to cherish those which were virtuous. In the society of the lovely Beatriché, she would enjoy both pleasure and advantage; for as she spoke her native language with the greatest purity, the Princess would acquire it without difficulty or labour. Her disposition

disposition was likewise the reverse of her brother's, and though the actions of the one, were likely to prove the enormity of vice; those of the other, would display the attractive charm of virtue.

From these considerations, Lady Emma thought that Sir Charles's proposal might be attended with benefit to her charge, as well as pleasure to themselves; and it was agreed that as soon as the Princess was perfectly recovered, they should take their passage on board the first ship that could offer eligible accommodations, and pass their winter in the capital of the Venetian state.

As nothing material occurred during their voyage to Venice, I shall merely

merely say, that after a very brisk and pleasant passage, the party all arrived at the place of destination, and took possession of a very elegant house, which had been hired for their reception in St. Mark's Place; where we shall for the present leave them, for the purpose of describing the behaviour of the young Count.

Upon his first introduction to the Princess, he appeared so opposite a character to that which he actually possessed, that she was really pleased with the little civilities he paid her, and fancied Lady Emma must either have been prejudiced against him, or had totally mistaken his disposition. A few days convinced

vinced her that her protectress was right; for his conduct to his sister was so tyrannical, and his behaviour to Bangilore so insolent and overbearing, that she could scarcely bear to be in his company for an hour.

If the Princess was disgusted with the overbearing manners of the young Count, she was delighted with the sweetness and affability which was displayed in those of his sister, and as there was a great similarity in their way of thinking, a mutual affection soon took place.

Though Lady Beatriché had always been accustomed to yield to the caprices of her brother, and never presumed to oppose his will; yet when she found herself supported
both

both by Lady Emma and her pupil, she frequently ventured to remonstrate with him upon the injustice of his conduct, and would sometimes carry her resolution so far as to refuse complying with his whims.

This natural and provoked opposition, was always attended with the most melancholy effect; for the Marchioness exasperated by the complaints of her darling son, punished the victim of his anger with the greatest severity.

The inhuman boy not satisfied with the punishment his mother inflicted upon the amiable object of his hatred, resolved likewise to be himself her tormentor; and after studying for some hours how he
could

could best succeed, determined to avenge himself upon her darling Pet. This favourite was a little squirrel, which had been given her by an uncle, a short time before his death; and as she had spent the greatest part of her life with this amiable relation, who had loved her with more than parental fondness, she valued the animal for his sake, and in caressing and fondling it, felt the the liveliest gratification.

As one of the punishments which the Marchioness generally inflicted, was that of confining her daughter in a dark room, the little companion of her happier hours, of course, was not permitted to attend her; but was confined within the precincts of his
own

own habitation, until his mistress regained her liberty.

The moment the Count had determined in what manner he should revenge himself upon his amiable sister; he hastened to the spot where her favourite was confined, and under pretence of supplying him with food, unbarred the doors of his little prison; and with a countenance expressive of malice and revenge, ran away with him into the garden.

Bangilore who happened to witness this transaction, felt instantly alarmed for the squirrel's safety; and knowing him to be *incapable of kindness*, concluded he intended the poor animal some harm:—the moment this idea struck her mind, she

resolved if possible, to save its life; and hastily throwing down the work in her hand, she attempted to pursue the inhuman boy.

As both the Marchioness and her son, treated her with the greatest contempt, she was fearful of forcing herself into the latter's presence; but as she concluded that the utmost he would do to provoke his sister, would be to give her little Pet his liberty; she fancied she might be able to watch his motions, and by that means restore him to his mistress's protection. With this idea she crept softly round the garden, alarmed at the rustling of every leaf; knowing that if she was observed by the

the object of her pursuit, he would never forgive her interference.

After having continued her search for some time without success, she thought she heard the sound of a spade; and drawing towards a small inclosure of trees, she perceived the Count digging a hole, and the squirrel lying *lifeless* by his side.

Horror and compassion checked the powers of speech, and for some moments she remained fixed to the spot, but at length finding it impossible to restrain her emotion, she walked slowly away to prevent herself from being seen.

She had not advanced many paces, when she perceived Lady Emma approaching; and, with her heart full

of the scene she had witnessed, she flew towards her, and told the melancholy tale; though her agitation was so violent, it was with difficulty she could relate it.

Her Ladyship's abhorrence of the inhuman action, was by no means inferior to Bangilore's; but she charged her to conceal what she had witnessed, for fear of bringing some disaster on herself.

"No mine Lady" (said the ingenious girl), "me no keep that wicked boy's secret, me must tell mine Princess how cruel he be. And me tell Misse Dawson, and me tell Misse Carter, and den me no tell nobody else. Only me tell *him* dat me *hate him*, de first time he speak to

to me; for he be so vicked, and so cruel, me no bear his sight."

"But my dear Bangilore," replied her Ladyship, "I must *insist* upon your not mentioning what you have *seen* to *any person*, for such a mode of conduct might be fatal to yourself; for though the Italians are an affable and polite set of people, yet they are by nature treacherous, cruel, and revengeful:—they never forgive the slightest injury, and frequently conceal the most violent hatred, under an appearance of friendship and regard; that they may have the better opportunity of destroying the life of those, by whom they conceive themselves to have been injured. The Count Toricelli, though but a
boy

boy in years, appears to me an adult in vice; and was he to know that you had been the means of exposing the cruelty of his conduct, on *you* he would certainly satiate his *revenge*. Yet do not suppose *I* wish to conceal his crime, for be assured I shall make a point of exposing it."

"Oh no, no, no, mine dear, dear Lady!" exclaimed the agitated Bangilore, throwing herself at Lady Emma's feet. "What you spare Bangilore's life, and you lose your own? Oh no, never speak, never tell one word about dat wicked boy, for fear he do some harm to you, mine own dear Lady!"

It was with the utmost difficulty that Lady Emma could compose the
violence

violence of poor Bangilore's agitation, or convince her, that though the Count might be able to do *her* an *injury*, it was out of his power to extend it to one so differently circumstanced as herself; or convince her that no danger was to be apprehended from a boy's resentment.

CHAP. IX.

The disgraceful Effects of Passion displayed in the
Conduct of the Marchioness—Departure for
Naples—Account of Mount Vesuvius;
dreadful Effects of its Eruption—
Story of Ned Davenport.

AS soon as Lady Emma had parted from her poor agitated companion, she turned her footsteps towards the spot where the cruel deed had been committed, and unexpectedly met the object of her aversion; who paid his compliments to her with such an appearance of confusion, that it was evident

evident he had been engaged in some disgraceful action.

"You seem to be agitated, young gentleman," said her Ladyship, as the Count hastily past by her, "has any thing occurred to alarm you?"

"Indeed ma'am I am very much so," (replied the artful hypocrite) for finding that my sister had incurred the Marchioness's displeasure; and knowing she would not be at liberty to give her favourite his dinner, I took him out of the cage for the purpose of treating him with some *nuts*; when the sly fellow escaped my hold, scampered up a tree, and was out of sight in a moment."

"And what do you intend doing
to

to regain him?" said her Ladyship, "for your sister's fondness for the little animal is so great, that the loss of him would be a serious affliction. I must assist you in the search, for she is so amiable a girl, I would do any thing to promote her happiness:"—so saying, she turned towards the spot where Bangilore had informed her the poor animal had been executed; which the young Count perceiving, he called her away in a tone that expressed fear and alarm, declaring he then saw him skipping up a tree, in another part of the garden.

As Lady Emma did not think proper to let him *know* that she was *acquainted* with the *inhuman action* he

he had committed, she obeyed his summons, and ran towards the spot where he pretended to have seen the squirrel; but after some time spent in a fruitless search, they both returned into the house, the one feeling the most sincere concern for Beatriché's misfortune, and the other appearing to be no less interested.

The Marchioness listened to her son's story without the slightest symptom of concern, and after praising his attention to Beatriché's favourite, declared it to have been a greater kindness than she deserved, after having ill-naturedly refused complying with his wishes.

Whilst the Count was inventing a tale to impose upon the credulity of his

his mother, Lady Emma was reflecting upon the best method she could adopt to detect the falsehood, without appearing concerned in the affair ; and after a few moments spent in hesitation, she resolved upon practising the following scheme :—As she could write two or three different kinds of hands, she made a copy of verses upon the squirrel's death, and pasting them upon the tree under which he had been buried, she invited the Marchioness to take an evening walk.

At first they proceeded to an opposite part of the garden to where the luckless animal had met its fate, when Lady Emma, as if by accident, directed her companion's footsteps
to

to the very place, where he had been interred; when turning her eyes towards the gloomy shade, she exclaimed "bless me, signora, what have we here? Have any of your gardeners *turned poets*? Yet I hardly know whether I am sufficient mistress of your language to read the composition before us."—So saying she drew nearer to the spot, and began perusing the following:—

An EPITAPH upon a Murdered Favorite.

Beneath this deep sequestered shade,
Where gloom and darkness reigns;
Poor Pug his debt of nature paid,
And broke life's brittle chain!

Ah no! *he* did not break the chain,
But an hard-hearted boy;
Whose pleasure springing out of pain,
Determined to destroy—

His

His seeds of life—and with one blow,
His senses all congealed;
And laid the hapless creature low,
Upon this fatal field!

Hard was the faithful creature's lot,
For no attentive friend,
Was near this dark, but chosen spot,
To save him from his end!

Peace to thy hapless murdered manes,
And peace to her—whose tear;
Will fall as tribute to the pains,
Thou hast endured here!

It was with the utmost difficulty that lady Emma could finish the perusal of the lines, as the Marchioness's rage against the author of of them was so violent, that she was almost choaked with passion; and in the heat of her indignation, she declared she would spend half her fortune

tune to discover who had written them.

At that moment one of the under-gardeners approached the spot, when the Marchioness demanded in a tone of fury, who was the last person she had seen near that spot. The man astonished and intimidated at her manner, at first declared he had not seen a creature in that part of the garden for many days; when his mistress repeating the question, and declaring she would part with every servant in the family if they did not assist her in the discovery, the poor fellow submissively intreated her pardon, and informed her he had seen the little black girl peeping under the bushes that very morning.

Without waiting to make any reply, or offering any apology to lady Emma for her rage, she ran, or rather *flew* towards the house, and entering the apartment where the princess and Bangilore were at play; she began most violently to accuse the latter, and insisted upon knowing who had written the paper? and who had pasted it upon the tree?

For some moments Bangilore's terror was so *great*, that it deprived her of the power of speech, and the Marchioness continued repeating her questions, until she had regained some degree of composure. How to behave she was totally at a loss, her benefactress had strictly forbidden her to *acknowledge* what she had
seen;

seen; yet could she *deny* having been in the *garden*? No; that was impossible; that would be telling a palpable *untruth*, and rendering herself unworthy lady Emma's affection.

Thus tortured between the fear of offending, and her love of *truth*; she threw herself on her knees before the Marchioness, intreated she might be punished in whatever way she thought proper, for daring to disobey her commands, but declared she was resolved *not* to answer the questions.

Threats and *intreaties* were alike unavailing; and the Marchioness no longer able to controul her rage, aimed a violent blow at the object
N 3 of

of her resentment, who instantly fell senseless at her feet. The princess alarmed for the safety of her favourite, gave the most shrill and terrifying shriek, which reaching the ears of Lady Emma, brought her to the rescue of her protégé; when the Marchioness, shocked at the violence she had committed, quitted the room without speaking a word.

As poor Bangilore had merely been stunned by the fall, she very soon recovered from the effect, when her ladyship having applauded her conduct, addressed her conversation to her illustrious charge; pointed out the danger of indulging passion, and brought the Marchioness as an instance

instance of its degrading consequences “for” said she “when a woman of rank, like the Marchioness Toricelli, can forget herself so far as to be guilty of such an outrage, how necessary it is for you my love, whose *judgment* of course cannot be so *strong*, to guard yourself against the least approach of passion; and I hope in future, if ever you feel that unamiable sensation taking possession of your mind, that you will reflect upon the scene you have just witnessed.”

“That I will, indeed mamma” replied the princess, “but I hope I shall never see such an other, for you cannot think how she terrified me.

I cannot

I cannot bear that *wicked* Marchioness, and as to the *Count* I really *hate* him, and I shall be very glad when we leave Venice."

"*Hate*, is both an improper, and an inelegant expression, though I am persuaded it is impossible you should *like* him, for I never yet saw a boy of his age, who appeared to possess such a variety of failings. Yet I am surprised at hearing you express a wish to quit Venice, as I thought you wished to stay until the carnival was over: besides, in all our travels, we shall not be likely to see such a number of superb buildings and gardens as those you have beheld in this city; what can be more beautiful

ful than the Rialto ?* Or what more magnificent than the residence of the doge? Few structures are to be compared to those of St. Mark, and no country is so abundant in natural productions. Wines, oils, fruits, and flowers, seem to spring from the hand of nature; and so rich and luxurious is the soil, that if the Italians were an industrious or laborious race of people, they might be able to export corn into different countries to a very great amount. The trade which they carry on from the produce of their silk-worms is

* An elegant bridge across the grand canal, composed of one arch only, which is made of marble; on each side of which are shops, or booths, for the purpose of carrying on trade, but which disfigures the beauty of the structure.

very

very great; and their oranges, citrons, lemons, olives, pomegranates, almonds, and raisins, are scarcely to be equalled in any part of the globe. They have likewise mines of gold and silver, but either from the indolence of the inhabitants, or the impurity of the ore; no great advantage is derived from them, It is also a country where the arts and sciences have been brought to the greatest perfection; and the Romans, a people who gave laws to the whole earth, were natives of this rich and fertile land."

"It is a very *beautiful*, but I think it cannot be a happy country," said the princess, "for the *poor* people are so *very poor*, and the rich people

people so *very proud*; that they neither *wish*, or *try* to make them more comfortable, and I am sure when I go back to my own country, I shall never wish to see any Italians there."

"That is rather *ungrateful* I think," replied her ladyship "for I am sure you have been treated both with hospitality and politeness; besides my love, you must not form an unfavourable opinion of the whole body of a people, because you have met with some *unamiable characters*. I once knew an Italian lady, in whose person there seemed to centre all the virtues of her sex, and your young friend Beatriché certainly possesses no common degree of merit."

Oh

Oh yes! Beatriche is a charming girl, and I love her very dearly; but Bangilore told me that you said the Italians were both *cruel* and *revengeful*, and you know it is impossible to love such people."

At this moment Sir Charles entered, and upon Lady Emma's informing him of what had passed between the Marchioness and the amiable little Indian, he proposed that they should immediately begin their tour to Naples; declaring, he did not think it would be safe for Bangilore to remain in the family, after having become an object of the Marchioness's *resentment*. — But, (continued he), "what says my little Princess to the plan? can she consent to
lose

lose the famous sight, or must we stay till after this *great carnival*?

“Oh no, Sir Charles, pray let us go, for Dawson says there is always shocking riots, and that the ladies and gentlemen go about the streets in masquerade—and that there is nothing but noise, music, and confusion: besides she tells me, that it will be nothing more than seeing a number of gondolas in the bay, with a band of musicians on board, who accompany the doge a few miles out to sea, when he drops a ring into it, and then returns.”

“Dawson’s account is very just, I assure you,” replied Sir Charles, “and as you are so indifferent about the sight, I shall order the servants

to make instant preparations for our departure, as I wish to quit Venice in the course of a few days."

As soon as the unfortunate Beatrix was released from her confinement, she heard the melancholy tidings of her favourite's elopement, and as lady Emma did not wish to increase her regret, by informing her of his real fate, she begged the circumstance might remain a secret; though she took an opportunity of letting the Count know, that she was perfectly acquainted with the whole affair.

The loss of her little favorite, was in itself a sufficient mortification to the amiable Italian, but when she found that she was likewise to lose

her friend and companion, she was wholly unable to restrain her grief, and bursting into a flood of tears, she regretted the hour they had ever known each other. Lady Emma entered in the midst of the tender scene, and after endeavouring to console her for the loss of her friend, promised that the princess should write regularly to her, and likewise gave her reason to suppose, they should see each other again in the course of a few months.

If Beatriché was grieved at the thoughts of lady Emma's departure, her brother was most heartily rejoiced at it; as the Marchioness had told him, that though her ladyship had appeared ignorant of the affair,

she had no doubt of her being the author of the lines, though she did not choose to mention the subject, feeling how much she had degraded herself by the violence of her conduct to Bangilore.

Though the country through which they travelled was extremely beautiful and picturesque, yet the inns were so uncomfortable, and the accommodations so bad, that the travellers were heartily tired of their journey, long before they arrived at Naples. From the want of a little cleanliness and care, the inns abound with every kind of vermin, and the beds are so full of bugs and fleas, that it is impossible to enjoy the blessing of repose.

As they approached the city of Naples, they stopped to admire the surrounding scene, when their attention was withdrawn from the objects at which they were gazing, and placed upon two still more interesting ; a boy, apparently about twelve years of age, was tottering down a precipice, with another upon his back, much stouter and bigger than himself ; and, though the path he trod was both steep and slippery, he appeared more solicitous for his safety than his own. At the end of every five or six paces he stopped, turned his head, and seemed to be enquiring after the welfare of his burden, then proceeded on his way with extreme caution, and at length reach-

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ed the spot where the carriages were waiting.

“My little friend,” said Sir Charles, speaking to him in his native language, “your burden seems too great for your strength, and I was fearful it would not have supported you under it: Is your companion *sick* or *lame*? and to what place are you going to convey him?”

The boy paused a few moments to recover his breath, then looking round for a convenient place on which he might repose his afflicted load, he knelt softly down upon the grass, and slipping his companion from his shoulders, made the following reply to Sir Charles’s enquiries:

“When the heart’s *willing* the
strength’s

strength's *great*, you know, seignior; and I am sure, if I was not willing to suffer a little fatigue for the sake of such a brother as my poor Borneo, I had better have been buried in the ruins with my parents. You must know, seignior," continued the boy, whilst his eyes filled with tears at the recollection, "that my father and mother dwelt in a little cottage in a beautiful valley near mount Vesuvius, and from the grapes which their vineyard produced, made the best wines in the whole country. My father had likewise a small flock of sheep, and from the sale of those, and his wine, contrived to earn a comfortable subsistence. In short, seignior, we were one of the happiest

est

est families within twenty miles of Naples;—our parents seemed to doat upon us, and we had no pleasure so great as being dutiful to them; and as to my brother, whom you see in that forlorn situation, he was the joy and delight of their hearts. And now I come to the shocking part of my story:—You must know, seignor, that our house was situated at the foot of mount Vesuvius; my father had lived in it eighteen years, without suffering any inconvenience from that mountain:—we were just as easy and contented in our minds as if we had lived an hundred miles from danger. One morning, about a month ago, my father desired me to go after some sheep, which had strayed

strayed beyond their usual haunts ; and I had left the house a quarter of an hour, when a sudden gloom overspread the sky, and turning my head towards Vesuvius, I could scarcely see it for the clouds of smoke, which were soon succeeded by a blueish flame. Though I had often seen slight eruptions, I had never beheld any that alarmed me, but this called forth a thousand fears, and I instantly pursued my way home. By this time the cloud of smoke had vanished, and I saw the pumice stones rolling towards our cottage ; yet when I arrived within its view, alas ! seignior, it was hid from my sight by the lava and stones, which had overwhelmed it. I called to my father, I shouted forth

forth my mother's name ; I implored my brother to have pity on my sufferings, but my complaints were unanswered, and my tears unheeded ! At length I perceived a neighbour approaching, whose cottage had shared the fate of my father's ; and as the mountain had, by that time, ceased to vomit forth flames, we resolved to try and remove the stones. By the assistance of some labourers, we obtained our end, but my father and mother both had perished ! My dear Borneo was still alive, though completely crippled by this misfortune ; and knowing that our mother's parents were living at Naples, I resolved to try and convey him to them, as I have neither money or means to
support

support him, though I would work like a slave could I make his life but easy."

"You are a noble boy," said Sir Charles, calling to the servant to open the carriage door, "and I will spare you the pain of further fatigue, by assisting you to remove your unfortunate brother into the coach with my servants. When we arrive at Naples, I will call upon your grandfather, and if he is not in a situation to take care of your brother, I will promise to be the protector of both."

The Princess had listened to the preceding conversation, with a mixture of pity and surprise, and as soon as Sir Charles was re-seated in the carriage, enquired what kind of a place

place Vesuvius was, and what occasioned the smoke and flame.

“Vesuvius” replied Sir Charles, “is an immense mountain, or volcano, the interior of which is composed of inflammable materials, that occasionally take fire and burst from the top in a most dreadful and alarming manner, overturning and destroying whatever comes in its way, and sometimes burying towns and villages; but the eruption, by which those poor boys have suffered, appears to have been very trifling, as it only lasted a short period, and merely overwhelmed theirs and their neighbour’s house.”

“There is something” said Lady Emma, “in the very countenance of that

that boy, which must interest the most unfeeling in his favour; and his conduct to his brother is so truly charming, that I hope Sir Charles you will always be his friend, whether his grandfather is or is not. There is a slight resemblance between him and Ned Davenport, and I think he seems to be equally amiable."

"Who was Ned Davenport?" enquired the Princess. "Ned Davenport" replied her ladyship, "was the son of a labouring man in Yorkshire, who lived at a small distance from Sir Charles's estate; his family was large, but his means small, and it was with the utmost difficulty he could earn sufficient for their subsistence. On the day that his elder

son had compleated his thirteenth year, and his second had just entered into it; he was fortunate enough to establish them in a farmer's family, and by that means lessened the expences of his house.

“ Though Ned and his brother Frank, were of very opposite dispositions, yet they had always been remarked for the strength of their regard; and though Frank was completely lazy and idle, yet with the help of Ned, he got through his work, and his master had seldom any reason to complain.

“ *Pride*, though often the bane of prosperity, seldom finds a place where adversity is stationed; but Frank, in addition to many other ill qualities,

qualities, had encouraged the growth of this tormenting passion. An old woman long resident in the village, had informed him he was related to a man of *property*, whose estates, of necessity, must devolve to *his father*, whenever death deprived him of the enjoyment of them. Frank was continually *boasting* of this *relationship*, and declaring he should one day become a *gentleman*; though his father laughed at the old woman's tale, and protested he had not a rich relation in the world:—but his son treasured up the intelligence in his mind, and became as haughty as he was *idle*.—Am *I* to become a farmer's *slave*, (he would say) who knows I am born to be a *gentleman*! No, let him

take care of the sheep himself, for I shall not take any trouble about them. Ned, however, supplied his place ; and whilst Frank was sleeping under a hedge, he would be driving them into different pastures.

“The death of their father soon after their establishment at the farmer’s, reduced their mother to a state of wretchedness ; and instead of Frank’s trying to contribute to her support, he daily became more indolent. Ned laboured with unceasing application, performed the greatest part of his brother’s business ; and every Sunday morning carried his earning’s to his mother.

“About six weeks after the death of poor Davenport, as his elder son
was

was industriously driving the plough, whilst the younger was walking indolently by his side, instead of attending to the sheep which had been committed to his care; they were civilly accosted by a gentleman on horseback, who requested to be directed to the cottage of one *Davenport*, for (said he) I have some *excellent news* for the worthy fellow.

“Would to Heaven you could have brought it a few month’s *sooner* sir, replied Ned, at the same time taking off his hat, and bowing respectfully to the stranger; for my poor father is *not alive* to hear it! but my mother, (continued he) my poor mother, wants *good news* indeed.—So, pray sir, be so good as to

turn down the lane on your left-hand, and her house is the first you will see upon the green.

“The news, said the stranger, will more immediately concern her *elder son*, than *herself*; for as your father is dead, he is the person that will derive advantage from it, as he is entitled to the estates of his late relation, and comes into the possession of near a *thousand a year*.”

“*A thousand a year!* exclaimed Frank, with a countenance expressive of emotion and surprise, and pray, sir, how much are the *younger children* to have? for I suppose my brother is not to *possess all*.”

“Not any thing, replied the stranger; the fortune is not a bequest from
from

from the late Mr. Davenport, but descends to the nearest male relation, and as your father unfortunately cannot enjoy it, of course it belongs to his eldest son.

“A fine thing it is to be an *eldest son*! said Frank, in a tone of anger and vexation; and so whilst I shall be forced to work my fingers to the bone, he is to become a *fine gentleman*.

“No my dear Frank, replied the generous youth, clapping his brother affectionately on the back, never shall *that* be said of Ned Davenport. Come, cheer up, continued he, observing the tears trickle down Frank's cheeks, and e'en *take the money*.— I *love* work, you *hate* it, so only promise

promise to make my mother happy, and then this gentleman shall see its a fair bargain.

“ Noble boy! exclaimed the stranger,—what a charming instance of disinterested affection! But my generous fellow, (continued he) it is not possible for you to make an *illegal sacrifice*—the estate which so unexpectedly falls into your hands is, by the *laws* of the *country*, entailed upon your children; and, until you are old enough to undertake the management of it, appoints a guardian over your actions.”

“ Why, sir, replied the disappointed boy, you know that Esau *sold* his birth-right, and if I have a mind

mind to *give away* mine, who has a right to prevent me?

“They were at this moment joined by the clergyman of the parish, for whom Ned had always felt the highest degree of respect, and whose opinion he conceived to be superior to all the *laws in England*. To him therefore he instantly applied, and when he found that his sentiments concurred with those of the stranger: he burst into a flood of tears, declaring he had rather have spent his life in poverty, than to have possessed a fortune his brother might not share.”

“The rector soon convinced him that such a declaration must appear *ungrateful* in the eyes of *Heaven*; and told him, that though he could
not

not give away the estate, he would have the power of promoting the happiness of his relations:—that his mother might end her days in peace and competency, and his brother share the blessings she enjoyed.

“This intelligence animated every feature, and after assuring his brother he should become a *gentleman*, he flew to the abode of his widowed parent, and after embracing her with a warmth of filial affection, he assured her she should have no farther cause to grieve. I have money enough (said he) to make us *all happy*, and whilst I, my dearest mother, have a guinea in my pocket, half of it, at least, shall always be your own.

By this time the travellers had
reached

reached Naples, and as soon as Sir Charles had accommodated his family with apartments proper for persons of their rank, he accompanied the Italians to the house of their grandfather, who received them with the utmost affection and kindness; and whilst he wept at the loss of a beloved child, he resolved to transfer his regard to her offspring.

END OF VOL. I.

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